THE RED CIRCLE A Mystery Romance of Heredity

By Albert Payson Terhune

The Newest PATHE Picture, Now Being Presented at Leading Motion Picture Theatres of Greater New York

"The Red Circle," repeated Borden dully. "It is still there, on my hand, always there. And it has marked one member in every generation of my family. The person marked by it has always been a criminal. The 'Decoration of the Curse of Heaven,' I have heard it called!" : :

Novelized From the Pathe Phote Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,

then, anoth ordinated, has a lited Clinds birthmark on the back of his hand. Such a circle a criminal in the Borden family. June Travia, a beautiful girl, who is interested in a tree to aid Jun, but he repulses her. After Jim's death the ited Circle is supposed to But Max Lamar is pound criffun specialist, who is unconsciously falling in low with the a circle on the hand of a woman who drives past him in a motor car. He is barely ske the cer's number.



pigeonhole was stacked with a piteous array of promissory notes, of mortgages, of sight drafts and similar sorry documents.

In that desk lay the material to hobbies. His desk was always kept in apple-pie order. But his very first glance now revealed that it was in a condition that would have shamed his condition that would have shamed his most incompetent order.

Papers were acattered in every distinct that grant's office and Grant's desk might some night be destroyed by first to the chief. Thought you had more sense than that, Max. Why, even one of my square-toes that you were just guying me about would have followed it til he found out who owned it."

"Oddly enough," answered Lamar, "the same idea occurred to me. But as I was on foot and as the oar was destor used to pray that Grant's office of the chief."

Thought you had more sense than that, Max. Why, even one of my square-toes that you were just guying me about would have followed it til he found out who owned it."

"Oddly enough," answered Lamar, "the same idea occurred to me. But as I was on foot and as the oar was doing an easy thirty miles an hour, and as there wasn't a taxi in sight, i didn't see any way of following it very destroyed by fire; to wipe out these Every last one of them had been far."

Records and set the loan shark's viobeen stolen from them. time free. And at last, in odd fashion.

the prayers were answered. one day—it was the same that Max robbed!" Lamar caught his fleeting glance of the Red Circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed part him—George Grant got up from this farmous desk in his private office, stretched his lean arms lazily and went into the adjoining room, where stood his capacious steel vault. He wanted a record that was filed in this vault. And, instead of sending a clerk for it—it was a decidedly private paper—he went himself.

Entering the vault and switching and

per he went himself.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the tiers of compartments along the rear wall. The paper he wanted was not easy to find; and his search continued for several minutes.

At last he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope; then switched made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope; then switched in the last half hour?" he asked, as unconcernedly as he could force his dry throat to voice the query.

Locked In!

For a moment no one answered.

But, instead of the sunshine from
the office beyond, he faced black darkness. The vauit door had been shut,

If was in there, sir, about twenty
ness. The vauit door had been shut,

If was in there, sir, about twentyness. The vauit door had been shut,

If was in the same and the same ness. The vault door had been sout.

So stlently had it closed that, en"What in blazes were you doing in
grossed in his search, he had not obgrossed in his search, he had not obhere?"

been sprung. And it could not be opened again except from the outside. Grant swore long and luridly. Then his brows contracting, he paused for a moment in perplexity. The door was heavy. It always required more shied met you in the hall and you'd was heavy. It always required more shied met you in the hall and you'd was heavy. It always required more shied met you in the hall and you'd half or swang shut from shut by the wind or swung shut from the dozed and locked it. Why?

Grant did not believe any one in his some clerk, passing by and seeing the door open, had supposed the vault was empty and had pushed the steal was empty and had pushed the valid had of steal was the continued in mountainty? The deviction of which was the number? asked the steal was the number? asked the was the num

He called the cashier, who alone of the employees knew the vault's combination. The whole office force gathered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the door. Out recled Grant, more dead than alive, his lank face streaked with perspiration, his eyes bulging with terror.

"Who did that?" he sputtered, hoarsely, "What fool shut that door on me? Speak up, or I'll fire the whole worthless bunch. Who did it?"

There was a confused mumbling from the scared employees. Grant's ratike eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilfermed. If some one was acting then some one was acting to be detected. With a snort, Grant stamped back to his own private office.

Still shaky in the knees from his fattil shaky in the fattil shake had a lattil shake a lattil shake had a lattil shake a lattil shak

Still shaky in the knees from his care, he slumped into his desk chair. How'd she do it?"

Still shaky in the knees from his care, he slumped into his desk chair. How'd she do it?"

Still shaky in the knees from his care, he slumped into his desk chair. How'd she do it?"

Too't know. First I noticed she in after him.

Off whizzed the car in the wake of the course offices crowding wonderingly to the door.

Grant did not wait to hear the end of the socount. He summoned a passible of the socount. He summoned a passible of the socount of the socount of the summoned a passible of the socount of the summoned a passible of the socount.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate, Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So k was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max as the latter came excitedly into this office at about the time George Grant was boarding the taxicab.

"What's up, Max?" asked the chief, noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation. "Some one been insuiting you again by calling you a detective instead of a crime specialist! Or"—

"Everything's up," put in Lamar,
"The Red Circle, among other things."
"The Red Circle?" echoed Allen.
"Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped
off the books, for keeps."
"Not 'is.' It 'was,' It's back again."
"What are you talking shout? Cir-

"What are you talking about? "Cir-ele' Jim Borden's dead. So is his son. Who else is left."

CHAPTER II.

"Pity the Poor!"

FOX, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwelt in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs. But his bank account did.

When a man must have money he is willing to pay high to get it. And hundreds of men had for years been paying George Grant an unbelievably big rate of interest on the cash they borrowed from him.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless ioan shark. His offices were forever crowded with needy clients. His big deek was full of tabulated pigeonholes. And every pigeonhole was stacked with a piteous array of promissory notes, of mort-

So you let it get away? Lord,

ransacked; and every document had been stolen from them.

"Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, dazedly. "Robbed! I've—I've been robbed!"

The Robbery.

Then the numbed brain reawoke. These stolen documents were the promissory notes, the dratts, &c., that gave him his limitless power over an army of debtors. Without such evidence he had no legal hold over the poor wretches who had so long been in his power. He could not collect one penny from them. That is, not if they should learn of his loss.

The yell of horror had summoned that the forced a civil smile to his lips as he recognized George Grant—with whom he had once had business dealings and with The yell of horror had summoned once had business dealings and with his employees. They still stood crowding the doorway, not during to adbe forced to do business again.

Yance nor to ask what was the mat—

"Chief!" burst out Grant, without

ter, yet tensely curious to know what so much as returning the other's saluhad happened. At sight of their questiching faces Grant fought to gain
some sort of control over himself.
"Which of you has been in this room
in the last half hour?" he asked, as
unconcernedly as he could force his
Layar to whom tales of robbery

Lamar, to whom tales of robbery were an old story, moved back to the window, taking the license book with him. He was more interested in trac-ing the automobile number than in listening to a loan shark's tale of woe.

grossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It sir," quavered Saals, "to show in the had been shut tight. The lock had been sprung. And it could not be opened again except from the outside. Grant swore long and luridly. Then, Grant swore long and luridly. Then, "Why, why, the lady who had the highest says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen sprung. And it could not be opened again except from the outside. "The lady?" snapped Grant. "What in blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" "The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" "The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of documents bound up in a rubbeen shut tight. The lady?" "The lady?" snapped Grant. "What is blazes were you doing in "My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a hand-ful of d

a new burst of speed that carried it along in a cloud of its own dust and veloping black coat. The coat was sent it around corners on two wheels.

"Of course they know we're after 'em, and the chief, in answer to a quick skill she proceeded to fold the coat inside out in such way that no portion of the black was visible. Then a sure to keep a good lookout behind, who departmental auto coming after 'em, at they know it's a case of speed up or they know it's a case of speed up or they know it's a case of speed up or the black was visible. Then they know it's a case of speed up or the day rendered needless.

Raising both hands to ber head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she busy streets."

Raising both hands to her head, she lought have began to the bushes.

The Veiled Woman.

The Veiled Woman.

doors. Each encountered the other's face peering in at the opposite doors.

The tonneau of the limousine was empty!

Grant was dancing in fury and shaking his fist at his mildy surprised chauseur.

"What dye mean by it?" he shrieked. "What'n blazes dye mean by it Garvice?"

"Mean by what'r stammered the chauseur.

"Running off this way with my car.

"Running off this way with my car.

"Tou're"—"

"I didn't," stoutly denied Garvice

"Tou said to? I said to? Are you was way. The Red Circle had again become invisible.

Lamar, hastening along the path, whe chief, saw a beautiful girl, all in white, coming toward him around a bend in the walk. At a gianne he recognized her. And, for the instant, his quest was wholly forgotten in the queer little thrill that seemed to run through his body and to centre constrictingly about his heart. He left the others to follow as they might, and he pressed forward alone to greet her.

"Tou're"—"

"I didn't," stoutly denied Garvice

"Miss Travis!" he exclaimed, clasping the white hand she held out to him. "This is good luck! I didn't was Mrs. Travis herself.

(Signed) JOHN L. PETERSON.

June Travis's fingers rifled the sheaf. Most of the papers were of much the same nature as was the first, and for varying sums, at exorbitant interest. Each document was made to the state of proverty and

der if they keep up that pace through busy streets."

As if the same thought had occurred to the runaways, the car awung perilously around another corner and down a residential boulevard.

Motorcycle and departmental car in Motorcycle and departmental car in Motorcycle and departmental car in Motorcycle and departmental car is the thicket. Less than a minute later a side the automobile they sought. It was standing near the entrance of a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned, as though in front of a typewriter and began to the rwebeating the fund of the way he repuised me when I introduced in the way he repuised me when I introduced in the way he repuised me when I introduced in the working clothes.

The telled Woman.

A black clad woman, shrouded in this working clothes. The veiled Woman.

A black clad woman, shrouded in the bushes. The veiled Woman.

A black clad woman, shrouded in the bushes. The veiled Woman.

A black clad woman, shrouded in the bushes, side the automobile they sought. It was standing near the entrance of a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned, as though in front of a typewriter and began to the tweys. For a full som, colled it into a bail and tossed it into the bushes.

The tendeward the parks opposite of the full work of the way he stacked the stacked the shicket. Less than a minute later a stirl in white dress and white toque a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned, and the way a tender of the threehold and meekly waited with the threshold and meekly waited the threehold and meekly waited the three

And presently, as he sat morbidly glosting over such scenes, Grant's first opportunity came. A name was brought in to him. Joseph Brown had called, begging for a word alone with him. Grant smiled happily. Brown was a day laborer to whom he had was a day laborer to whom he had lent money when the borrower was out of work and had a sick child.

"Tell him to come in." said Grant, gleefully, as the caller was announced. He settled back in his desa-chair, pleasantly anticipating the fun of the brown came into the inner office, clad in his working clothes. Generally on such visits he paused at the threshold and meekly waited his master's leave to advance toward the desk.

But to-day he walked confidently up to Grant, his tanned face one broad grin. Without troubling to say "Good letter. Then:

"That's ail," he remarked, "Byeby, you slimy old money-spider. I'm out of your diver and the prison your face went ghastly. I asked you why, and you wouldn't tell me. Did you ever know him or "Not No, indeed!" disclaimed the

He turned and swaggered out of the room before the astounded Grant could so much as swear at him. The lean broker jumped to his feet to follow and hale him back. But as he started for the door his angry glance fell on the folded letter Brown had handed him. He opened and read it. Then he sat down, very hard, and read it all over again—choking and gurgling in helpless wrath. The letter was typewritten and very brief. It ran:

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes which you gave George Grant for a lean at outrageous interest rates have been destroyed. Therefore, your debt is "Dearle!"

foolish idea!"

"Then why"—
"Oh, I don't know, dearle. Perhaps because I hat to think of folks being sent to fall like he was. Go on with your story. I want to know all about it."

"Well," resumed June, "just a few hours after I left the prison, all at once I had the strangest sensation. It seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had snapped in my soul. I can't explain it. And the strangest impulses came surging through my mind. I—I felt like a criminal!"

"Dearle!"

The standard and a st

tyrant.

The Dupes Win.

The bupes Win.

The bupes Win.

"I think I've some mad," said June.

"I can't understand it any other way, for told of the theft. But Grant was certain be could bluff each debtor into thinking his own particular note was day or two. I don't understand mynot among those stolen.

The task of bluffing these poor deam awayed by these horrible immental stimulant—after the smash—volum of witcheraft or—or 'possessed neck and cried aloud in sudden despair.

The task of bluffing these poor deam awayed by these horrible immental stimulant—after the smash—volum of witcheraft or—or 'possessed her deam there are the feet in mortal fright.

The Red Circle!" babbled the old indicated the past twenty-four of a devil, like people in Bible days, hours—to builty into subjection any A demon seems to have entered into of his bondslaves who might dare to presume on the subjection any A demon seems to have entered into the subjection any A demon seems to have entered into the feet in mortal fright.

The Red Circle!" babbled the old woman, her value hours—to builty into subjection any A demon seems to have entered into of his bondslaves who might dare to presume on the subjection any A demon seems to have entered into the curse. The Red Circle!" (End of Second Instalment)

Grant was still raging, wordlessly, when Saals came in to announce one when Saals came in to announce one shown Peterson, an elderly, stoop-table to the stoop to

One Whe Pitites the Poer.
Grant was still raging, wordlessly, when Saale came in to announce one John Peterson, an eiderly, stoopsheudered man, who entered on the heels of his announcer.

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offering the loan broker a letter, "this came by the morning mall. I thought it was only fair to show it to you."
Grant, his eyes blurred with fury, was barely able to note that this letter was a typewritten duplicate of Brown's.

"It's—4t's a He!" he stormed. "A trick! I have your notes safe in my deak hers."

"Yes?" politely returned Peterson. "Then perhaps you would not mind showing them to me?"

"You'll see them in court, fast enough," rased Grant, "If you try to welich on your debt to me."

"I' will take that chance, Mr. Grant," replied the old man, turning to go. "I believe this letter is genuine. May God, in His infinite mercy, bless whoever wrots it!"

"You crook!" snapped Grant, "are you dishonest enough to take advantage of an accident like this, to dodge payment on your just debts."

"Not on my just debts. Mr. Grant," was the quiet answer. "I have already pald my debt to you, three times over, in interest. Good day."

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's seven or eight more people in the outer of fice, singing and laughing and raising Cain; all of them with type-written letters from."

In five minutes he was bustling into a downtown office whose outer doors lass bore the legend:

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that "Wr. Lamar,"

glass bore the legend:

"Max Lamar, Crime Specialist"

"Mr. Lamar, began Grant as soon as he could get his breath, "that veiled woman has clinched her theft by this—and this"—slamming the Brown and Peterson letters on the desk in front of Max—"and by a lot "Then, in a moment, when this "Then, in a moment, when the this "Then, the this

crazy or only crazy drunk? What dy mean by saying"—from the charge of the same shaded it to his employed a card and successful to the control of the charge of the same shaded it to his employed. A Forged Order.

"There's your own orders," he growled.

"There's your own orders," he growled.

Lamar, glanding over Grant's shoult.

Lamar,



raised her right hand to part some of the package was an official form, bushes that barred her way. The hand in with ink. It read:

June 12, 1915.

Seven days from date, or June 19, those notes were not dollars (\$100), as first instalment on ence and that the definition of the high bushes she crept, and into a tiny glade hemmed in by shrubbery. There she halted. Deftly cent a week. Total payment due, \$20.

The Dupes Win.

The Third Chapter of Will be published Friday, Dec. 31.

"THE RED CIRCLE"